

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Lincoln Memorial Services

—at the—

BIRTHPLACE, HODGENVILLE, KY., AND LINCOLN
UNIVERSITY, CUMBERLAND GAP, KY.

(See editorial on "A Restored Shrine," page 406)

A special Pullman train, with dining car equipment, will leave Chicago Saturday evening, February 10, reaching Hodgenville, Ky., Sunday morning.

A Memorial Service will be held in the Birthplace, Memorial Building, beside the hut where Lincoln was born. Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones; addresses by Judge Evan A. Evans of the Federal Court and the Rev. E. Robb Zaring, editor "Northwestern Christian Advocate."

After the service the train will return to Louisville. An informal reception will be extended to the tourists before the evening service at the Unitarian Church, Louisville. At that service the Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York will speak. At 11 p. m. the train will start for Cumberland Gap, the site of the Lincoln Memorial University, founded by General O. O. Howard, where visitors from the East, coming on a special train, will meet it. Eminent speakers from Washington and elsewhere will be heard.

The Chicago train will return via Cincinnati, arriving in Chicago Tuesday afternoon.

Fare for round trip, from Chicago, including meals, berths, autos, etc., \$45.00.

It is hoped to fill a "Lincoln Centre Car." All lovers of "Unity," Lincoln and Lincoln Centre, are invited to join this party so far as accommodations permit. Apply by telegram or otherwise to "Unity," 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes	402
Industrial War	404
Another Crusade	405
The Lincoln Birthplace; A Restored Shrine.....	406

THE PULPIT—

A Message to Young People.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES	407
--	-----

SELECTED—

An Open Letter to President Wilson for Peace.— William Bayard Hale	410
Looking Toward Peace.—Frederick T. Lynch....	413

POETRY—

The Day's Results.—Edgar A. Guest.....	407
Emancipation.—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.....	411
Fairy Snow.—Rachel Robinson.....	413
A Garland.—Frank Dempster Sherman.....	415

SUNDAY SCHOOL—

The Flowering of Christianity Into Universal Religion. V. Philip Melancthon; Huldreich Zwingli	411
---	-----

THE FIELD—

The South Side Forum.....	414
Meetings of Interest at Lincoln Centre.....	415

dares incur ridicule by taking the tobacco problem seriously.

In *The Survey* article referred to, we learn that the Chancellor of the State University has aligned himself with the anti-cigarette league; that the President of the State Agricultural College has urged "all male students of the institution to assert their will-power by cutting out all tobacco." In other states, if not in Kansas, it might be well to eliminate the word "male" in the appeal. Presidents of the three normal colleges of Kansas are "committed to the cause." The state association of school board members, representing 150 bodies, have declared their intention of having cigarette advertising clipped from the newspapers and magazines coming into the school libraries, the clippings to be sent back to the publishers as a protest.

Of course the W. C. T. U. is distributing literature and parent-teachers associations are fighting it locally. The State Sunday School Association has instructed its field workers to aid in the attack. The State Federation of Women's Clubs has organized a department to fight the cigarette. The State Teachers' Association, six thousand strong, has pledged itself to drive the cigarette out of Kansas, and Professor McKeever of the State University and the Department of Child Welfare, ventures the information that "practically none of the men teachers in the public schools use tobacco in any form," a statement which the present writer considers a daring one. The State Board of Health is in the fight. And lastly Governor Capper has refused to advertise the cigarette in any of his publications, and Attorney-General Brewster has asked all the county attorneys to enforce the anti-cigarette law.

Here is abundant material to provoke not only a smile but a loud guffaw on the part of smoking parsons, chewing legislators and lovers of corn-cob pipes. Laugh while you can, friends, but the handwriting is on the wall. "When the battle with John Barleycorn is won and this war is out of the way, I am going to take up the tobacco fight in dead earnest," said the present writer once to David Starr Jordan. He promptly replied, "Don't wait! Begin now. It is high time. Tobacco using is making fearful inroads into academic circles. What can you do when college faculties have their smokers?"

Well, we can fight it, follow the lead of Kansas. Tobacco is nasty, is expensive, is stupefying, and when it invades the sacred precincts of boyhood and womanhood, it is time to join the crusaders against this mischievous second intoxicant, fostered by civilization. It must be conquered and exorcised by that

same civilization on its upward climb. We are not unmindful of the other "crusades" already in the field. It is not necessary to decide upon their rival merits. Reforms can never be driven tandem. They must move forward abreast.

The Lincoln Birthplace: A Restored Shrine

In March, 1904, the Editor of *UNITY*, in the line of his study and admiration, made a pilgrimage to the Lincoln shrines. He visited the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, "the little mother, almost forgotten," located the site of the shack erected by Thomas Lincoln near Gentryville, Indiana, in which the "little mother" died when Abraham was only eight years old. He then sought the birthplace of him who shares with Washington the conspicuous honor of being lifted above all national and state boundaries, the two Americans that have long since been elected citizens of the world, representatives of humanity.

Hodgenville was still an out of the way station, reached by a branch line some sixty miles from Louisville, Kentucky. The birthplace is three miles beyond. The then wretched road led out over softly moulded hills, through neglected fields, a country of abandoned farms. He found the fences down, an old house, dilapidated and neglected, the site of the cabin indicated by a scraggy pole and a few loose stones. The adjoining spring that attracted Thomas Lincoln and near which he located his cabin, still flowed fresh water from under the overhanging rocks; but the approach to it was a wallow for pigs and cattle. He who would drink from it must approach it through mud ankle deep.

The story of this "Neglected Shrine" was told in *UNITY* in the issue of March 24, 1904. Robert Collier, editor and proprietor of *Collier's Weekly*, had his attention called to the editorial, and Richard Lloyd Jones, then on the editorial staff of *Collier's Weekly*, was authorized by Mr. Collier to look into the matter, to rescue the farm, and, if possible, restore the cabin.

Now the story grows intensely interesting and moves swiftly to the culmination. The purchase of the farm at sheriff's sale, the organization of the "Lincoln Farm Association," the discovery of the logs of the cabin in or near New York City and the triumphal return of the same, the raising of money to enshrine the restored cabin in a noble granite enclosure, the final acceptance of the farm, the reconstructed cottage, and the granite temple enclosing it, with an endowment fund for the care of the same, by the Government, after a memorable address by John Sharpe Williams and a notable acceptance by President Wilson on September 4, 1916, are now matters of history.

Hodgenville now boasts of a fine auto road to the farm, and what is probably the second most notable statue of Abraham Lincoln is located in its public square. This was placed there by the joint efforts of the state of Kentucky and the Lincoln Farm Association.

Hodgenville is now permanently on the map. The birthplace of Lincoln is fast becoming an American shrine to be visited by an increasing number of pilgrims from all parts of the world.

Only a part of the dream of the Editor of *UNITY* has yet been realized, but so much has already been accomplished in twelve short years that it is a basis for the hope that much more is to come. The ancient sycamores and original elms are gone, but others are growing rapidly to take their places, stately pines, great oaks, and gracious hickories will become growing monuments to Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the brave pioneers to whom was given the supreme honor of giving to the world Abraham Lincoln, the twin of destiny with Charles Darwin, who was born on the same day of the same year—one a prophet of science, the other a prophet of humanity.

(See announcement on first page.)

THE DAY'S RESULTS.

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
This day is almost over and its toiling time is through;
Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along?
Or a churlish sort of "howdy" and then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way,

Or is someone mighty grateful for a deed you did today?

Can you say tonight, in parting with the day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or use it, was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say
You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?

Detroit Free Press.

—Edgar A. Guest.

I charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such nations did contend
Without much loss of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword.

From Henry V.

THE PULPIT

A Message to Young People

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

[During the spring vacation of my last year as a student at Meadville, I spent three weeks with the Unitarian Church of Keokuk, Iowa, with a possible view of settlement. At the close of my stay a call was extended to me and I was greatly drawn to that pulpit because of the group of stalwart pioneers that were back of the movement. They were men of the "early settler" type, great hearted, clear headed, strong men. They were full of the missionary spirit, alive to the spiritual needs of the community and profoundly impressed with the value of the Unitarian message to the young and growing West. But my courage failed me. I did not feel equal in my inexperience to venture on a "city church." So I accepted a lesser call to a smaller community. Ten years later I was again in Keokuk in attendance at one of the annual meetings of the Iowa Unitarian Conference. During this visit the message given below was received.

On December 28, 1879, I delivered the message in the shape of a sermon to children in the All Souls pulpit, at Janesville, Wisconsin, where I was then settled, and on the following May 1st, 1880, the message was printed in *UNITY* and afterward reprinted in a little leaflet, which passed through several editions. This leaflet has long been out of print. Once in a while there is a call for it at the *UNITY* Office from some of the elder readers. Several generations of young people have passed since its first deliverance. The "children" of my Janesville parish have grown up and now have children and perchance grandchildren of their own. But the thirty-eight years that have passed since the first deliverance have only made the message more timely. With the growth of so-called "opportunities" and the increasing perplexities incident to what we call "prosperity" have come increased distractions and the road between the young man's and young woman's home and the church has been made longer than ever. The Sunday call to worship falls, I fear, less and less distinctly upon the reluctant ears of an increasing number of children and young people. So with scarcely any change this little sermon of my earlier years is again reproduced in the columns of *UNITY*, and as when first printed, will be republished in leaflet form, hoping that the message of dear old Colonel Perry, who soon passed to his rest and reward after he entrusted his message to me, will speak to a new generation of young men and women. I wish it might reach the boys and girls of our Sunday Schools, the favored boys and girls of the higher grammar grades and high schools, to whom I dedicate this new edition of an old sermon first preached long before they were born.—J. L. J.]

Children: I have a message to deliver to you, one I hope that you will long remember, so I put it into a bit of a sermon which I have written out lest I might forget some important part of it.

This will be a sermon with a text, but I put the text last instead of first. I am not sure but that it is the better place for the text generally, for two reasons:

First, when the text is put in front it oftentimes interferes with the sermon. The preacher takes so much time to explain his text that he has not time enough left to preach the sermon unless he makes it too long, and then both text and sermon are spoiled for that day.

Second, the text is generally the best part of the sermon. By putting it last instead of at the beginning you will be more likely to remember it, at least long enough to tell your parents about it when you get home.

My sermon, like all good sermons, will have three parts, namely: Who sent the message, What is the message, Why was it sent you.

I. WHO SENT THE MESSAGE.

It comes from one who in his youth was a friend of Lincoln, who when I first saw him looked more

